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WOMAN AND RACE SUICIDE

Another Phase of the Mooted Question Presented by a Woman.

OBLIGATIONS ENTAILED IN MOTHERHOOD

Big Families Not So Much to Be Desired as Children Properly Equipped to Make the Race of Life.

OMAHA, Nov. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: If all your readers were to inflict their views of race suicide upon you and the public you would be deluged, and in the end it would be as profitless and unavailing as the Darlingia Elia McKillop controversy, "Is Marriage a Failure," and kindred subjects.

Most of the articles I have seen upon race suicide have been the product of masculine pens and convictions. There are always two sides to every question, and perhaps the other side may not be obtrusive. One mother has already presented one very obvious consideration in your columns.

Mr. Roosevelt's unguarded remarks on this subject started the ball rolling, and every one wants to give it a kick. But Mr. Roosevelt cannot constitute himself umpire for all who are in the game. What might be right and commendable in him might be nothing short of criminal for someone else differently situated. If Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt are agreed that from ten to twenty offspring from the family are more than enough, then they become a burden with which parents have no right to tax themselves or their communities.

Father Dowling Disqualified.
Neither is Father Dowling, who I am told, is a good man and a brainy one, in a position to dictate or censure or sit in judgment, for, as a Catholic priest, his preaching and his practice are not in accord. His statement that this country is capable of supporting a much larger population than the present is undoubtedly true, but 'tis no less true that "nature yields her secrets and her substance grudgingly. Her gates must be stormed before she opens them." Multitudes of men are incapable of storming them, other multitudes can but won't. Then there are still other multitudes in the slums of all our great cities who never did an honest day's work and never intend to. Nebuchadnezzar's furnace heated seven times hot, would hardly serve to purge them from their own filth and that of their surroundings. Yet these travesties on manhood and womanhood are the class above all others who literally and signally carry out the injunction to multiply and replenish the earth. Is the world any better or happier for this great army of waifs thus brought into existence, handicapped from the beginning, defrauded of a clean and wholesome birthright, but dowered with a heritage of poverty, disease and degeneracy, entailed on succeeding progeny to the third and fourth generation? Here more than in any other conceivable situation does quality versus quantity count. The more intelligent and respectable classes are all the time providing workhouses, reformatories, jails and penitentiaries for protection against this replenishment.

Father Dowling says if the Lord provides for the multiplication of atoms as small

as an animalcule, how much more does he desire the multiplication of those created in His divine image. Yes, if they were an image of their Creator, that would be a very different proposition.

It may be the animalcule and all the ascending scale of germ life were intended to act as a check against overproduction of the human species. At any rate scientists agree that disease and death are constantly induced and propagated by these infinitesimal atoms, and the larger mosquito, house fly and rat scatter yellow fever, typhoid and bubonic plague. Our greatest students are devoting the best years of their life to discovering and exterminating these pests, and every one who succeeds is called a benefactor to his race. Yet they were created with an instinct to reproduce themselves, which they do in myriads and swarms. Insects and animals have no intellect or reason to restrain and control them.

Not the Woman's Sin.
It does not necessarily follow when the family is small that the wife sins against her vocation as she is accused—as if a woman's only vocation was that of child-bearing—and I would rather believe the husband a high type of manhood than otherwise. Then, too, a man cannot feed a family nowadays on locusts and wild honey. Decency demands other covering for their bodies than the traditional fig leaf or even goat skins, and civilization has outgrown dens and caves in the mountain sides for habitations. Is it not more humane and just to provide comfortably for three than to rob them in the effort to half provide for twice that many?

There is a great deal of humbuggery and misinterpretation of scripture on this point as well as some others and more than appears on the surface. Those that are continually hauling out texts of scripture in support of this theory and examples in the way of the old patriarchs with a regiment of sons and daughters generally omit to add that nearly all of them were polygamists and supplied with a lot of concubines beside, so one woman was not expected to do all the rearing. And surely a wife several times a mother has a right to set a limit. If any man holds contrary opinions, would that just once he could take place through the unspeakable anguish and perils of that mysterious ordeal of birth. After being thus enlightened he would not expect or wish to see such an experience often repeated.

The physician with sympathetic heart and anxious face, with the experience and research of many years—all that science can reveal and man can master at his command—is still impotent and helpless before that pitiless curse pronounced upon woman in the Garden of Eden. Alone she must go down to the gates of death—many enter there—no one can bear the agony for her. That is inapplicable today as when first man's sin was visited upon woman's head. The price of labor is governed by supply and demand, the same as the price of any other commodity. Read the third and last chapter of Second Thessalonians; the tenth verse says that a man should not eat that refuses to work, and that busybodies (vta., Mitchell, Debs, etc.) that with quietness they eat their own bread. Now it looks to me as if this is a hard proposition on both the strikers and the busybodies; we have no use for either of them, and I cannot see what labor has to organize for if a man is poor and has to work for a living; he must work at whatever he can get to do and compete with other laboring men that are compelled to work the same as himself and supply and demand makes the price; all men have the same privileges if they have the brains to use them to advantage. Look back at Coxey's army; what was labor worth then, and what is it worth today; aid capitalists, farmers or speculators in the way of contractors cannot begin to get men to do their work even at exorbitant prices; labor unions are a bundle of igne-

ing my weary brain. Weep, for the toll it will bring him—the sorrow, the care and the pain.

Have I not done him a wrong in flinging him into the strife? Will he thank me one day, think you, for the thankless gift of life?

Calm is his baby slumber, with rosy lips apart; Ah me! to think of him sleepless, tossing with aching heart!

Deadly the struggle for bread—fierce and fierce it grows; Will he stand or fall in the battle, my darling one? God knows!

Dreary the dull sad round, from morning till evening light— Out to the desk with the day, home from the desk at night.

Will life have nothing better to offer my dearest one? Then better, a thousand times better, his life had never begun.

Yet if success be his lot, will happiness come in his train? Or is that but a phantom light we follow but never attain?

Success! To be fawned by some, reviled and belittled by most. Hated for winning the race by the crowd who have struggled and lost.

The snares of the evil women are waiting his feet to entwine And the rattling lure of the dice box and the strong arch curse of wine.

His heart will be torn by the cry of the hungry he cannot feed. While Dives rolls by in his chariot and Lazarus dies in his need.

And the clash of contending creeds will hurtle above his head. But the world will be dark and cheerless, as though goodness and God were dead.

Have I not done him a wrong in flinging him into the strife? Will he not pray for the rest that ends our poor wretched life?

Here in his baby cot he is sleeping a sinless sleep. There by his cradle side I sit and watch and weep.

ANN TAGONISTIC.

TO SETTLE ALL LABOR STRIFE

Spencer Would Abolish All Unions and Have Men Work for What They Can Get.

RANDOLPH, Neb., Nov. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: I want to give you my opinion of this striking business and, in the first place, will say that if the entire world would put their heads together and not employ a union labor man of any kind and freeze them out that way, they are no benefit to the world, much less themselves; they do not know enough to know that forty pounds of wheat will not make as much bread as sixty pounds of wheat will make; labor is a commodity, the same as wheat. Eight hours' work is not worth as much as ten hours' work by 25 per cent; the price of labor is governed by supply and demand, the same as the price of any other commodity. Read the third and last chapter of Second Thessalonians; the tenth verse says that a man should not eat that refuses to work, and that busybodies (vta., Mitchell, Debs, etc.) that with quietness they eat their own bread. Now it looks to me as if this is a hard proposition on both the strikers and the busybodies; we have no use for either of them, and I cannot see what labor has to organize for if a man is poor and has to work for a living; he must work at whatever he can get to do and compete with other laboring men that are compelled to work the same as himself and supply and demand makes the price; all men have the same privileges if they have the brains to use them to advantage. Look back at Coxey's army; what was labor worth then, and what is it worth today; aid capitalists, farmers or speculators in the way of contractors cannot begin to get men to do their work even at exorbitant prices; labor unions are a bundle of igne-

rance gotten up by these busybodies who are pulling the legs, so to speak, of all laboring men for the money that is in it for themselves. My opinion is that the sooner labor unionism is turned down by the world the better off the world will be, and if it will be better for the entire world, it will surely be better for the laboring man. No person or corporation is going to employ labor unless it is to their interest to do so and they don't have to; you cannot get up any law to compel them to. Remember the husbandman that employed labor at different hours of the day to work in his vineyard; some commenced in the morning, others later in the day, and at night they were all paid the same wages (vta., a penny a day); all received a penny at night, and those that went to work in the morning kicked; thought they should have more, but they agreed for a penny a day, and the husbandman said he did them no harm and that if he chose to pay the latest ones the same that was his own business; he claimed the privilege of doing what he pleased with that that was his own; see the 20th chapter of Matthew.

GEORGE G. SPENCER.

HUMANITY AND DUMB BRUTES

Needless Cruelty Daily Practiced by People Who Are Merely Thoughtless.

OMAHA, Nov. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is very disheartening in these days of advanced civilization to read of that case of cruelty on Farnam street the other day, when a brute in human form so inhumanly beat his poor horse. I am bound to confess that his punishment did not meet all the requirements of such a case. He should have been made to suffer in his own person. Oh, for a revival of the whipping post for wife beaters and such savages as this man. He was fined \$10 and it will be just the natural thing for him to deprive his family of necessities to that extent. His poor horses also will probably suffer for proper food. But the wretch himself will suffer practically not at all.

Most men are inclined to be humane toward their horses, if for no other reason than self-interest, which forbids overloading and underfeeding. It cannot be denied, however, that there are some people who in other ways still persist in abusing their horses. One way is by over-checking and another is by neglecting to blanket them during wintry weather, when they have to stand for any time on the street.

There are other causes of needless cruelty daily practiced even by people from whom we ought to look for more intelligence and kindness of heart. How many there are who sit by the cheerful fire these cold nights, wholly at ease, and never dream of attending to the comfort and welfare of the faithful watchdog slumbering out in the cold! How little trouble it would be to see that his kennel, if he is too big to be allowed in the house, is in a sheltered sunny spot or well filled with clean dry bedding. There should be a piece of carpet nailed over the opening to afford at least partial shelter from the wintry winds.

If the dog is old, there is every reason to take special trouble, if need be, for his comfort. The old love warmth, whether man or beast, for then the blood flows slowly. Give him a soft bed in a warm room. Make the remaining days of his all too brief span of life happy ones, as he has always been a faithful friend—none more so. And when the inevitable problem has to be faced—when he has grown so old as to be no pleasure to himself or to others, then follow the example of the English—those dear lovers of dogs. They give the decrepit dog enough syrup of chloral in water to put him to sleep, and

then chloroform him while he is insensible. It is cruel to send the timid old pet to the pound, where he will suffer agonies of fear and apprehension. Very likely he will be thrust in among a crowd of vicious and quarrelsome dogs, and then, indeed, his few remaining days are most miserable. All his life he has spent in devotion to some human master, grateful for a kind word, happy over a careless touch of the hand on his head.

Freeze, freeze, thou winter sky; Thou dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot. E. G. S.

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Hubbard, pastor of the Bedford Heights Baptist church, Brooklyn, has jarred the young people of his church into his way of thinking by putting his pastoral foot down heavily. These young people of both sexes planned a benefit dance for the raising of funds for a church organ. Dr. Hubbard suggested some other form of enterprise. The projectors ignored the hint and went ahead. Then the doctor said: "No, you shall not dance anywhere in the official name of this church." All the old people of the church backed him up, and the dance has been called off.

Two tintype pictures of her husband tenderly clasping the waist of a woman, a stranger to her, were too much for Mrs. Lucy M. Terry of Chicago to bear. She showed them to Judge Tutthill, and she was granted a divorce from William B. Terry, traveling salesman. "I found them in his grip, judge," the plaintiff told the court. "I don't see how he could tear to put his arm around such a looking thing as she is."

In commenting on a divorce case in his court, a Toledo judge said: "In hearing divorce cases I have made up my mind that in buying public utilities we have omitted one thing—a public spanking machine, with a patrol wagon attachment, a sort of 'bring 'em up-and-spank 'em-while-you-wait.' I would recommend such a device, and I think it could be used to great effect in the case before the court. I'd have the little child look on while the parents were spanked. About all that is needed in many divorce cases and in many houses where little frictions occur is just a good spanking."

William Cromwell of Vineland, N. J., has had a record-breaking run of hard luck for the past twelve months. A year ago his wife was operated upon for appendicitis. Two or three days after her return from the hospital she fell down stairs and has been an invalid ever since. Then his son Oliver, 7 years old, was hurt while crossing a railroad, and while he was in the hospital a 13-year-old daughter broke her arm. Later his son Melvin caught diphtheria, and the head of the house was mangled by a savage dog. Just after he had returned from the Pasteur institute in Baltimore ten days ago Melvin turned up with a broken collar bone. Now the father is wondering what next.

During the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Logansport, Ind., by the Al Martin company, Frank Marshall, a burly negro and son of a former slave, rendered insane by the whipping of Uncle Tom by Simon Legree, leaped upon the stage and attempted to kill the actor. Uncle Tom jumped off the block and took a hand in the fight, but the negro was overpowering both of them, when a policeman apprehended him. The performance was broken up by the incident. The negro said his father had been whipped just as depicted on the stage, and the memory drove him to madness.

A recent order of the Pennsylvania railroad that all employees should wear the

regulation, uniform of blue cap, coat, and trousers has caused much embarrassment for Miss Frances Miller, the station agent at Norwood, a suburban station of Philadelphia. She is now the only woman station agent on the line, and many times it has been suggested by townfolk that a man in the position would be more convenient, but the railroad people could not be so convinced. The order provides no exception in the case of women employees, and it is becoming a question of public speculation in Norwood whether Miss Miller will don the apparel named or send in her resignation.

Miss Dora Meek, the Centralia (Ill.) girl who last winter had a sleep of several weeks' duration, relapsed into unconsciousness again at Ardmore, I. T., last Friday night, and the indications are that she has entered on another long slumber. All day Saturday and night she remained unconscious. Doctors and members of the family who have carefully watched her through two of these periods of sleep are more fearful than ever before that she may never wake. They are of the opinion that these spells are so weakening that they leave her each time with less relative power to undergo another. During her long sleep last winter her attendants forced nourishment down her throat to keep her alive. The same method has been resorted to again.

George Davis, a member of one of Baltimore's old families, has recently been visiting in Denver. He was returning to his hotel from a dinner when he was held up by footpads. They went through his pockets and were much disappointed at the results—25 cents. "Where is your watch?" demanded one of the robbers gruffly. "My watch!" exclaimed Davis, with his highly cultivated English. "My good fellow, don't you know it is heavily bad form to wear a watch with evening clothes?" "Well, I be d-d-d," said the robber, as he calmly twisted the pearl studs out of his victim's shirt front. "That's a good form, eh? Well, let's see what kind of a form you can show traveling down the street." Mr. Davis traveled, doubtless well pleased to get away from the company of such ill-bred fellows.

Albert Lukachewsky of Orange, N. J., who was arrested on a charge of desertion, was brought before Police Justice Bray in order that that official might decide which of two wives who claimed him Lukachewsky should live with. Both claimants were in the courtroom, and told the magistrate they had been married to the man. He did not dispute their allegations, although he

disputed the claim of wife No. 1. The latter was, previous to her marriage, Mary Kimpinski and until three months ago she lived in Poland.

Justice Bray decided that wife No. 2 should live with the man and that he should pay the other woman \$4 a week. This arrangement seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to all hands and the man gave bonds to insure his carrying out the contract. In making his decision Justice Bray called attention to the fact that wife No. 2, who was married sixteen years ago to the defendant in a Polish church in Brooklyn, was the mother of three living children. Wife No. 1 had born five children, but only one was now living, a son 19 years old. The first marriage took place in Poland twenty-one years ago.

Wife No. 1 offered no objection to wife No. 2 living with her husband and the justice said he felt safe in making his decision.

The latest novelty in the way of a penny-in-the-slot machine in London is a box placed at the corner of the street containing a city directory. After a penny is placed in the slot a pair of little doors can be opened and a shelf may be hauled out, to which a directory is fastened by iron clamps, as bibles used to be chained down in churches before the age of printing. When the patron has examined it as much as he likes he lifts his elbow from the book, shoves back the shelf, the doors close and lock automatically and cannot be opened again without the aid of another penny. He must keep his hand upon the directory as long as he is looking at it, for the moment he takes it off the shelf will return to its position and the doors will close. Five hundred of these machines are being placed in the streets throughout London.

Probably the queerest inscription ever seen on a tombstone is one on a monument over a grave in Bethel cemetery in Montgomery county, Missouri. It reads: Kind friends I have left behind. Cast your votes for Jennings Bryan.

H. F. Hudson, who has the distinction of being the author of the inscription, tells how it happened. "Henry Neeris, at whose grave the monument stands," he said, "was one of the strongest silver men in the country. Before he died he said that if nothing but a board were erected over his grave he wanted a silver verse upon it. I am the tombstone maker at Montgomery, and was requested to act, with Mrs. Judge Oliver and 'Bud' Harrison, in thinking up an appropriate verse. The above came into my mind, and I said it over to the other members of the committee, and they said it was great. So I chiseled it on."

Married Women

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of Mother's Friend before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. Mother's Friend overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

Watch, with the thought of his future career.

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